

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACT

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 28, 1888.

NUMBER 9.

## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL—

Notes: Loving and Living the Good; Bacon's Word to Those in Adversity; the Danger of Thought, Bound; Unappreciated Heroism; the Great Problem in Public School Training; Good Preaching out of the Pulpit; the Unitarian should be the Pioneer Church; Kindly Act of a Church to a Sister Organization; Prof. John Fiske in Chicago; Mrs. Chant on Dress; the Third Economic Conference; the Two Classes of Church-goers; Recent Work of the Chicago Women's Club; Mrs. Sayres and her Noble Work as a Unitarian; Programme for the Western Unitarian Conference; Matthew Arnold; Mrs. Talcott's Benevolence ..... 113  
Of Man with Religion—J. V. B. .... 114

### CONTRIBUTED—

Expression—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD ..... 114  
Possibility of Miracles—I. B. DUNN ..... 114

Morse and His Sculptures—J. V. B. .... 115  
Unitarian And—B. .... 116  
The Causes that Led to the Crucifixion ..... 117

### THE UNITY CLUB—

Browning in St. Louis ..... 117

### UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT—

A Statement in Regard to the First Unitarian Society of Davenport ..... 118  
"I shall not Pass this Way Again"—ARTHUR M. JUDY ..... 118

### THE HOME—

Invention in Love—B. .... 121  
Changing Gods ..... 121

### NOTES FROM THE FIELD

ANNOUNCEMENTS ..... 122

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# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 28, 1888.

[NUMBER 9.]

## EDITORIAL.

WE believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion.

It is well for those in difficulty to remember Bacon's familiar words, that "prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

TO-DAY there are but few Unitarians but trust free thought and trust it everywhere; they only fear thought bound. Therefore their beliefs are still deepening and widening, as science, history, and life reveal new truth; while their increasing emphasis is still on the right life and the great faith to which the right life leads,—faith in the moral order of the universe, faith in All-Ruling Righteousness.

It is a cheering fact that human beings themselves are not conscious of the heroism of which they are capable, but some day the distress of a friend puts them to a test to which they respond nobly. Such a case came recently within our experience, and one moved to tears by the unlooked for heroism of a brother, said with glad sadness, "I never knew him. Ah, humanity is divine, but we do not guess it." What a sermon was throbbing in those earnest words. Fortunately we do not understand our own powers of self-sacrifice. Alas! that we should so underestimate those of others.

RATHER a curious phenomenon is that presented by our public school system to-day, which, in a nation eminently practical in all other tendencies of thought, is founded upon the most impractical conceptions of natural and useful mind development. Good health is at the basis of many intellectual and moral problems, and yet our children are too often taught physiology and zoology in such useless detail and so abstractly that they come out of school without even a notion of the simplest laws of hygiene or the natural demands of a strong healthful body. Therefore, one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, problem of the age is, how to popularize science. Let not educators alone, but all enlightened American citizens, look to it.

"How much good preaching there is being done out of the pulpit in these days" was the thought that forced itself upon our minds as we listened to the high exhortations of our English sisters, Mrs. Dilke and Mrs. Chant, and again to the lectures of John Fiske; as we thought of the practical value of the course of lectures to mothers and daughters now in progress at All Souls church, Chicago; and lastly as we listened to the stirring lecture on the "English Commonwealth" with which Edwin D. Mead opened the course to the school children last Saturday afternoon, the programme of which was given in our last. Every seat was occupied in the Methodist church, corner Washington and Clark streets. The audience in the main was just such as was aimed at; bright boys and girls from the upper grammar and high schools of Chicago. Mr. Mead did these boys and girls the honor of not talking down to them; but gave them the ripest results of his study in the best diction at his command, and the attention and interest was inspiring. On Sunday evening Mr. Mead lectured to a goodly number at All Souls church on "Robert Browne,—the First Independent," and again we

thought, "How much good preaching is being done out of the pulpit." And when a correspondent reminds us of the marked tendency in the theological schools of to-day to sentimentalism and ecclesiasticism on the one hand and bigotry and theological narrowness on the other, and we think of how many ministers leave their most invigorating studies behind them when they enter the pulpit, and of the temptation ever to change the hair shirt of individuality which characterizes the John the Baptists of reform for the "simple gown" of the priest who seeks to minimize his individuality, to bury the *person* in the *office*—we shudder at the truth of the opposite statement, "How much poor preaching there is done in the pulpit."

THIS age like all other ages has need of prophets, men who take their orders from within and not from without; men and women who forget the respectabilities in their great hunger for justice and their thirst for truth. The gospel of the "proper and becoming" has its place, but it ceases to be a gospel when it is not ready to trample under foot both "the proper" and "the becoming" whenever they endanger the inner life or obscure the fires of the ideal life that should ever burn on the inner altar. The best of the Puritans went into the Pilgrims, and the noblest in the Pilgrims are still moving on. If the Unitarian church is to preserve in any degree its right to its Pilgrim inheritance it must continue to be the pioneer church, seeking to give shelter to the shelterless and a church to the unchurched. It can do this only by a growing indifference to the dogmas that divide and a growing zeal for the duties that unite.

THE unexpected kindly act comes with a very sweet satisfaction to the friend from a friend, but it is of more rare occurrence between churches, so that this touching acknowledgment from a struggling church has in it a peculiar tenderness. "They wrote to our little struggling society here in Minneapolis to ascertain if we could use some 'Christian Chorals.' The society replied they could, and when the books came there was a large number of Sunday-school singing books as well as many more books for its library, and a large number of 'Christian Chorals.' But that was not all, they put in a large Bible and, to cap the climax, they put their pastor's picture in with the books. That collection came to our society laden with their richest blessing." These little unlooked for gifts many of our churches could offer to weaker ones, and they would strengthen the bond of warm feeling far, far more than a gift of greater value but with less of tender consideration behind it.

JOHN FISKE was heard three times in our city last week: first under the auspices of the Women's Club, mentioned elsewhere, next on Saturday evening as the guest of the Union League Club when he addressed a notable company of men and women on the "Treason of Benedict Arnold," and on Sunday morning in All Souls church where he gave what he rightly calls his "sermon" on the "Mystery of Evil." This last we are inclined to believe the most significant and impressive utterance of the three. Perhaps there is no man in America to-day so competent to trace in the brief space of half an hour the history of the philosophy of evil, or to show what a flood of light, hope and inspiration the thought of evolution throws upon this dark subject. It was a revelation to many in the large audience



that overflowed every available seat in the building to find how confident was the theism and how religious was the trust and stalwart the morality which the speaker was able to plant upon the unqualified rock of science and human experience. It was one more indication that the hope for a broad church, planted upon undogmatic bases that will be capable of enlisting the highest enthusiasm of the soul and of meeting the deepest demands of the human heart without any proscribing doctrinal limit, is possible and is coming. In common with all those who have heard this discourse we will wait eagerly for the time when it will be elaborated into the little volume that will take its place along side of this author's "Destiny of Man" and the "Idea of God" as a third primer in the Faith of Science or the Science of Faith, as the needs of the reader may choose to call it.

Among many other plain truths clothed in plain language uttered by Mrs. Chant, our English visitor in this city last week, were some timely utterances on the dress question. On one occasion she said: "Show women that it is not for outside show, but that woman's clothing has its sacredness. If we could understand this we would not wear the corpses of dead birds on our hats, nor stick ourselves out behind with bustles. I'm not a dowdy, and if I had the time and means I should devote much time and thought to dress. I like bright things and I would have women wear bright and pretty things. I'm not preaching a gospel of blacks and browns. There has been an immense amount of harm done in preaching down what is in the human heart. Whatever turns towards brightness and harmony, don't amputate it, but encourage it." To this note of warning we wish to say "Amen." The physician has entered his protest with much success. The physiological laws are much less frequently violated in woman's dress now than in times past, but the moralist still needs to enter his protest against that extravagant waste of time, money and woman's eyesight to ensowathe the body in a way that minimizes soul. That man or woman is coarsely dressed whose clothing distracts the eye from the face, and whose wardrobe overlaps the memory of the voice.

In the third of the Economic Conferences (held on Sunday evening last), from the socialistic standpoint Mr. Morgan, himself a socialist, made some very plain statements—statements sad if true. The causes of the chronic poverty of the masses will always be difficult to trace, and naturally indigence will appear to the wealthy unnecessary. The deep scientific truths underlying all these questions will ultimately be discovered, but for the present Mr. Morgan's statements press uncomfortably upon the humane mind. His definition of a scab had its pathetic aspect; he was a man with helpless wife and children, who were perhaps without fuel, food or clothing. As for intemperance, he believed that to be not a cause, but a result of poverty. This, if true, would remove the question of intemperance into an entirely different and secondary position in social reform. Doubtless these two forces of evil, poverty and the excessive use of intoxicants, go hand in hand, but we are not so sure that in socialism, as Mr. Morgan believes, lies the sure remedy. Certainly no new social order can precede the march of public sentiment, in which the sympathetic capitalist who is not afraid to follow out his convictions marks the advance guard. The gospel which Christ taught is daily more felt and lived in its humanitarian aspects, and with a great hope we look forward to that day when it shall be practically realized as the time of social, moral and political peace alike for all.

REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR in one of his recent letters to the *Christian Register* from the west, shapes an antithesis which in some minds may point to an irreconcilable antagonism fraught with mischief. He describes two tendencies

in church-forming or two classes of church-goers as follows:

"To one class, the ideal church is a cozy, cheerful place, where social life goes on, and much interchange of thought stimulates the mind, while the flow of good feeling warms the heart. To hear this class set forth the idea of the church makes one feel that here at last is the true beginning of the kingdom of heaven,—a warm, cheerful home. But, if eyes and ears are open, especially among those who are not found in such a church, one quickly finds another class to whom such a place is not a church, but one more way to be sociable. They wish to forget their neighbors and themselves for awhile, and look out toward aspects of life which suggest grandeur, dignity, the eternal and the true in the ideal. They prefer to go quietly and rest, to be played upon by thoughts and words, by music and prayer, until the spirit stirs itself, and the powers unused or forgotten in ordinary life assert themselves, and they begin to feel 'the power of an endless life.'"

Now the implication to some minds may be that the church of thought, of helpful activities, is incompatible with the church of rest, of consolation, and "the power of an endless life." This we believe to be a dangerous and false inference, which no doubt Mr. Batchelor himself will disclaim as heartily as we do. We believe that the working church is the worshiping church, and that the thought of the Eternal comes the more forcibly when His presence is revealed in the sympathetic eye and kindly hand-grasp of brothers and sisters. The consolations of life must be found more and more identified with the *thoughts* and *duties* of life. And those who seek a church or a religion that will bring the consolations by omitting or at least subordinating the stirring questions and ever blessed duties will remain, year by year, seekers for that which they find not,—tearful hypochondriacs of the spirit, draping themselves and the world with a sadness over the ills they are in no condition to cure. Whenever in the past the church has turned its gaze away from things near in order to find happiness, it has tended towards the cloister and its penances, rather than towards the mount and its inspirations. We believe an impartial study of existing churches will also justify this conclusion.

THE Woman's International Council is probably to be the most significant event of the year in the United States, not forgetting that 1888 is Presidential year. A part of it overflowed into Chicago and helped to make last week an eventful one in the higher life of our city. First came a reception to the English sisters, Mrs. Ashton Dilke and Mrs. Ormiston Chant, by the Women's Club of Chicago. Their elegant rooms, as well as those of the Fortnightly, in the new Art Building were thronged with representatives of the best life of the city. In this throng men were allowed the rare privilege of walking upon floors which are generally jealously guarded from masculine intrusion. On Wednesday evening the Methodist Church Block auditorium was crowded with a splendid audience to listen to the English women, while they told of the past triumphs and the present place of women in English politics and English philanthropies in a way that compelled the thoughtful American to modestly hang his head. In different places and on various occasions Mrs. Chant has been heard during the week; Mrs. Dilke's stay was of necessity brief, to the regret of every one that was permitted to see and hear her. Mrs. Chant's power on the platform is phenomenal; her earnestness, wit and impassioned eloquence suggest to the mind the names of Bellows, Wendell Phillips, and their peers. On Friday evening the Women's Club again came to the front and offered to the public John Fiske's lecture on the "Roman Idea and the English Idea in Government." It was the first time this man of splendid intellect and high purposes has been heard in Chicago, and the Women's Club deserves great credit for thus introducing into the life of this hurried city so serene a thinker. Now that the ice has been broken by the Women's Club between them and the men and the open discussion of public affairs, we hope they will keep on and bring their excellent forces to bear more



and more directly upon the general concerns and higher life of our city. The training which they have received in their years of exclusion and seclusion, the devotion to self-culture and to the *development of women* which has largely absorbed them in the past justifies the expectation that they are now ready to become potent factors in all public interests. And in the *development of women and men* let them, like the Citizens' League, the Union League, and other man-organizations, become the open guardians of public morals, and the public champions of all needed reforms. If they can persuade the men in their masculine organizations that they must look well to their laurels, because there are women who think as deeply and can speak as forcibly as they can, they will do well, but if they can teach the *women* of their own and kindred organizations to rise above their consciousness of sex and to assume the responsibilities, enthusiasms and anxieties of citizenship, even though the state, at whose hands they deserve better recognition, refuses them the right of such, they will do better. We are grateful to the Women's Club for what they have done. We congratulate them upon the success already attained. But we would do them the still higher honor of expecting much nobler things of them in the future. In the future still more than in the past will we try to estimate their achievements by the Elizabeth Browning standard, not as "woman's work" but as "work." True gallantry joins with their own conscience and the city's needs in expecting from the Women's Club and its associate organizations more of common sense, more genuine earnestness, more practical efficiency, higher simplicity and moral and religious candor in the future than they have been able to realize in the past, excellent as that may have been. Shame on the men and the masculine organizations if the women and women's organizations excel them in any of the directions indicated. But neither the men nor women will reach the higher excellence in any of these directions, either individually or collectively, until they rise above the dividing line of sex and *work together*, become equal yoke-fellows in joint co-operation. "Whom God hath joined together let no man (or woman either) put asunder."

THE name and voice of Mrs. Henry Sayres, of Chicago, are probably more familiar to the Unitarians of the west than any other lay woman. Her intimate associations with Unitarianism date back to its earliest beginnings in Chicago, her presence being frequent in the meetings of the Western Conference, State Conferences and the National gatherings at Saratoga, throughout these long years. The Unitarianism of Mrs. Sayres was of the kind that identified itself actively with the humanities of religion. During the war she was among those who proved that a woman was capable of endurance and heroic labor equal, to say the least, with man. In the sanitary commission and in the local work of equipping and feeding the boys on their way to the front, and in taking care of them in their emaciated and mangled condition as they returned, she was a recognized leader, a true captain of those humanities that are revealed only by the stern realities of war. Her name deserves to be mentioned in connection with her co-workers and compatriots, Mother Bickerdyke and Mary A. Livermore. Since the war the executive efficiency then developed has made itself felt in the life of the Home for the Friendless, Orphan Asylum, Home for Erring Women, Old People's Home, and various other charities in the founding and maintenance of which Mrs. Sayres was actively interested. Into all these varied activities she carried her cheerful faith, and the Unitarian gospel which she ever boldly confessed. Her close identity with the social and charitable life of the Church of the Messiah, and latterly of All Souls church, needs no mention in these columns. At the last meeting of the Western Conference, as well as the last meeting of the Illinois Conference held at Hinsdale last

November, she spoke sympathetic words that are still remembered by those present. Her activities continued until about the first of February, when the painful sickness began which ended only with her life. On the 24th ult., the home on Michigan avenue, identified with the early Unitarian hospitalities of Chicago, was thronged with friends and co-workers. Dr. Lorimer, of the First Baptist church, Mr. Sayres' pastor, introduced the services with scripture and prayer, which Mr. Jones continued with the memorial word. The unfinished work of this veteran is left in the hands of her survivors to complete. May they so work that they may win the right to rest which was hers.

WE publish this week in our announcement column the nearly completed programme for the Western Unitarian Conference and kindred organizations which are to be held in this city May 15-18. The opening sermon and the day sessions are to be held in the Third Unitarian church. The Wednesday and Thursday evening meetings will be held in the auditorium of the Methodist Church block in the center of the town in order to accommodate the large number who will desire to attend these meetings. The directors, after much deliberation, decided, as we stated previously, to decline the urgent invitations from Quincy, Des Moines, St. Paul and other points in order to carry out a general desire and the growing judgment which has been ripening for many years of making Chicago the permanent home and annual place of rendezvous of the Western Unitarian Conference Anniversary. The programme speaks for itself. The directors have spared no pains in their efforts to make it worthy the occasion in breadth and ability. It is their intention to ally the conference more vitally than ever with all the liberal religious forces East and West. In order to do this Rev. George Batchelor, the present representative of the American Unitarian Association in the West, was unanimously invited to preach the opening sermon, and Secretary Reynolds was, with equal unanimity and cordiality, invited to take a place on the programme and represent the missionary interests of the association. The declension of these gentlemen is a source of regret to the directors. That these meetings will demonstrate that there is yet a great work unfinished which these organizations have begun, and that there are those who have yet faith and courage in the West to carry it on, we believe these meetings will amply demonstrate. New forces are marshalling themselves, fresh issues are presenting themselves, and unexpected relays of workers and fresh resources are not far away. The Wednesday evening meeting is one of peculiar interest and we trust that it will be the first of many similar celebrations held throughout the country this summer. The fiftieth anniversary of Emerson's Divinity School Address should be celebrated, at least by every Unitarian church in the land. Harvard College and the American Unitarian Association should recognize the occasion with the word of the scholar, the song of the poet and the thanksgiving of the devout. What fifty years has accomplished is illustrated in the programme for Wednesday evening, which we heard thus characterized by a layman recently: "Orthodox Congregationalists, Universalists, Unitarians, uniting in a Methodist church to do honor to a man and his word who when he uttered it was hardly to be tolerated in a Unitarian church." The world moves. The world needs moving. Let these May meetings bring from the remotest fields of the West and the ripest gardens of the East hopeful workers, prophetic laborers who are anxious to consult together that they may the better find the

"Common pathway to the new To Be."

WE wait a more convenient time to speak a word of appreciation of the work of Matthew Arnold. In this issue we only join with all English-speaking people in mourning the loss of one who was a preacher of culture and a teacher



of breadth, one who has done an incalculable work for religion by turning the attention of its devotees from the shifting things of dogma to the lasting things of life.

In the death of Mrs. Mancel Talcot Chicago has lost another wise and beautiful benefactor. During her life it is estimated that she distributed over \$300,000 in wise charity, most of it in that wisest charity where the money is accompanied with personal attention and spiritual kindness. She was a consistent and devoted member of the Second Universalist church of this city, whose present prosperous condition is largely due to her generosity and earnestness.

#### OF MAN WITH RELIGION.

Religion has taken a great step in these latter days. Hitherto it has been taught that religion was put into man; but now that man has come up into religion. To say the same otherwise, religion was said to come down from above to enter into man; but now it is seen to grow up with man from under, and to come out of him, being in his heart, as sight in the eye. Now this is a very great difference, and not easily measured; for in the old way religion took hold of one man at a time and by himself, being put into him, and there an end. It added something to each one alone, whomsoever it entered in. But not being of his nature, nor of all men's nature, what had it to do with all men together or with any one as toward all? Whence, in this elder religion each man stood alone facing the heavens from which the religion came down into him; but men stood not locked together or facing each other in love; nay, nor any man facing himself, for religion was not of himself but somewhat added to him. But the new way of religion by this great change in it, that now it is seen to come out of man's heart and not to be put into it, religion is busy with mankind in three great ways which never it had before: First, it treats men all together in a great multitude. Secondly, it treats one man with another, every man with his neighbor. Thirdly, it treats each man alone, facing himself. Surely this is very plain without argument, for whatever belongs to the nature of man and comes forth from him as he grows, must concern men all together in the whole, and then as related one to one, and then as standing each by himself. Now these are three very great points and have quite made over the whole nature of religion. Wherefore, of each in order.

First, religion busied with all men together is no less a thing than freedom in religion; for if religion gather men and treat them all together as in one company, this is the same as to treat them equally according to the rights of them all. When all have their rights, each bounding each, none overstepping another and none more privileged than his fellow, this is freedom in act. When each may think for himself, no one nor many nor all together restraining any one in his mind, this is freedom of thought. And with this goes freedom of speech; for if every one may think, who may make his fellow dumb? But the freedom to think needs must be a larger freedom than that to act or to speak, and indeed has no bounds at all; for these latter two are like the right of each man in a company to partake of a well of water or of a store of food, which all own together, and the well or store being begirt and mayhap not large, only a small liberty with it may be the share of each man. But freedom of thinking is like the right to breathe the atmosphere, which each man may draw in by as deep breaths and as much as he will, because it is boundless.

Freedom in religion has three points: First, it means to be free from any authority or power over our thinking. No man, says this freedom, no men, no companies, nor institutions nor epochs nor documents, books, writings, have au-

thority to require a man to think one way or another, nor to set up any articles or standards for his mind.

Secondly, this freedom means that we may utter what we think in religion, and no man's mouth be locked while his mind is free. This locking, indeed, would be a mockery of mental freedom, and the mind be placed like a bird in a cage, which has abundant liberty to look out but none to get out. Wherefore it is well to say that if to think be a noble right, likewise to speak is a high duty; and it is but a slavish doctrine which the Church has set up, that if a man see not in his mind a point so as truly to believe it, nevertheless he must *assent* to it on authority; for what does he then but say with the mouth what is denied in the mind?—which is a falsehood. What then must a man say if neither he can believe a doctrine nor yet set at naught in his mind the authority for the doctrine? This he should say—"I can not believe this thing for it is no question of will, but of thought, which I can not turn as I will but only follow as it goes; yet as I hold the teaching and authority in veneration, and probably it is more like to be right than I am, I will wait and wrestle with this thing; but I will not say now that I assent to it, for that would be a falsehood, since in my mind I do not assent but am in doubt." This would be truthful, noble, faithful and patient. But against this excellence the Church has set itself, for it will have naught but assent with the mouth whatever the mind be thinking. This is said even in the name with which the Church has branded this good honesty, namely, *heresy*, for this means but inquiry. The Church has forbidden so much as the asking of a question; though in these latter days it has grown wiser or else perforce, has yielded to the spirit abroad, since it can not resist; and which way it is, I know not.

Thirdly, freedom in religion has yet a nobler reach; it means freedom of ourselves, which is to say, from the crafty bonds and snares of our own prejudices and passions. It lays the duty of keeping the mind large, friendly to thought, hospitable to questions. Who is free if he be enlisted in little wars of passion and creed, and caught in the jealousies of a dogmatic or narrow education which befog the judgment and mislead thought, or even turn the mind against thinking? Learn that we have neither need nor duty to take truth under our patronage, for it stands by itself and shows the light of divinity, if we crowd not on it, but give it room to spread its beams. A man should utter a religious reasoning as calmly as a chemical discovery, and be no more concerned that it survive; for however he strive or plot or kill, he can not give more life to either than it has, and no one has commission to bestead the truth, but only to give it space. Thought never is like an infant in the world, but like a grown man who needs no dandling nor fending, but only room.

Secondly, religion busied with men one to one, every man with his neighbor, is fellowship in religion. Now if religion is somewhat that is put into man, according to the old thought of it, then it is the same always. But if it spring up out of men, as in the new thought of it, then it will be as different in each case as the men are. But that it springs in all is a greater fact than that it comes up differently in many. Wherefore, it makes the meeting of man with man to found on that greater fact; and this is fellowship. Fellowship in religion places the humane relations before doctrinal ones, so that we meet as men however separated we be in thought. This brings into religion the unity of human brotherhood, which is a fact wider than religion; for religion is but one thing which springs in man by nature; beside which there are many more, like love, thought, pity, ambition, and many such; as to all which, men are in brotherhood. Now fellowship in religion, since religion is a part of the total brotherhood of men, draws sanctity from the brotherhood, and then is of a kind to turn about and touch all other points of brotherhood with a holy



fire. It is thus a gentle and right recognition of brotherhood not only in faith and hope but in thinking over these, whereby we become open to all persons from the side of thought, to compare views both kindly and strictly, and to listen, and to reason together; for as much as we are more at one in seeking the truth than we are two or many by coming at different ends in our search. One man said to another, "I wish to bring a friend to you; I wish him to know you." "Certainly, bring him." "But he thinks very differently from you." "But consider how much more he is like me if he thinks, than unlike me by thinking differently; bring him by all means." Now if the thinking of these men were about religion, then this story shows fellowship in religion, which thus binds man to man when it is known that religion as much comes up in each by nature as do their thoughts of it.

Thirdly, if religion spring out of the heart, it needs must concern itself with the state thereof; for it will thrive or not according to what soil it is rooted in. If a plant growing from the soil could think and turn itself about and amend the soil if bad, surely it would do so, and in nothing show more care than to look after the earth about its roots. Now religion thus can turn itself about; and when it is conceived not as something whole and stiff put into the heart to shape it to itself like clay around a mold, but as growing out of the heart and sucking life therefrom, then it will turn carefully to see what kind of soil it has to feed on. Wherefore this new religion makes a man face himself; which is to say that it brings forward character in religion. Character in religion means that the supreme matter is what a man *is*, not what he may say or do in church or elsewhere, nor what be his prayers or hymns or creeds, but what truly he is in his very heart. No man can pray better than he *is*; but many better than they *seem*. For many persons (and blessed this is!) are better in the depths of them than on the outside they look, having great and sorrowful faults, but still a depth of sincere purity. Then this is the root-hold of worship. Now this is a very great thing, indeed; for the old religion being like some finished thing brought to a man's hand, he had done all when he had taken it. Wherefore, what argument hindered that a man might be very high in religion while very low in his life? But the new religion, as now it is known, growing up out of a man unfinished, invokes that his character agree with it and be a good root-hold, that it may flourish.

Now we have these three—freedom, fellowship, and character in religion; whereby religion makes a man first face himself strictly, and then his neighbor with love, and finally join with all for that justice among all and that grace in each which is liberty.

J. V. B.

## CONTRIBUTED.

## EXPRESSION.

We sigh in vain to utter  
The song no soul can sing;  
Fainly life's prisoned music  
Beats on each sounding string.  
But if our souls could sing now  
The song that in them dwells,  
Back of that a deeper one  
Would press from hidden wells.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

## POSSIBILITY OF MIRACLES.

I speak of a miracle in the sense of a deviation from or a change in the order of creation or of progress, and not merely as a wonderful event; and I deny the possibility of a miracle because I believe in God. The churches, and all who believe in one God, except Mr. Mill and a few of the

ancients, hold that He is unchangeable, almighty, ubiquitous and eternal, and to this opinion my argument is applicable.

The churches generally claim that God has performed miracles to show His power over creation and thus convince men of His being and secure their salvation. We could not adduce higher motives, or motives more flattering to men than are these, for the performance of a miracle.

For man to supply a motive to God for a change of method, on account of his own sin, is bold and unseemly. Besides, if the order of creation and evolution is not established to meet every emergency, it is not wisely established; and God lacks wisdom or power, or both. If God is eternal, his actions have no relation to time, and hence they are the unchanging law of the universe. A change supposes a date, a point at which order ceases and disorder begins. A miracle, therefore, contradicts the immutability of God. If God is almighty, ubiquitous and eternal, He always does everything, and there can be no conflict, no reason to change. Our changes are made because we are unable to conform our surroundings to our purposes,—can not finish as we began, or because something of which we have not known, transpires. Not so with the ubiquitous and omnipotent God. It follows then that a miracle, if performed, proves that there is no God.

But the order of creation is not within our ken, and many things transpire, the connection of which we can not fix. Professor Huxley wisely admits ignorance of the laws of nature, meaning, I presume, the order of creation. It might be possible, therefore, that Jesus performed the wonderful works attributed to him; but, if so, any other man of like moral virtue and intellectual power could do the same. Jesus teaches, in fact, that His followers "shall do the works that He does, and greater works." Thus it inevitably follows that the acts of Jesus, as seen by Himself, were non-miraculous, in the current religious sense of that word. What those acts were can not now be known in full.

It is soothing to believe that order reigns, and especially to consider that all existing things arise, exist and develop in that order, and that "it is without beginning and must be without end." Our solar system was in a nebulous state, and on the doctrine that force persists, which means that the eternal God is almighty, it may return to that state and be again renewed; and yet forever like causes will produce like effects, and each individual life progress through changing forms nearer and nearer to the vast individuality of God.

I. B. DUNN.

## MORSE AND HIS SCULPTURES.

When we first became acquainted with Sidney H. Morse, he was a prophetic voice in a Unitarian pulpit. Into that pulpit we followed him. From him at our ordination we had the right hand of fellowship. He said he could give the grasp of fellowship not from the church, an institution in the world, because he had left the pulpit of that institution, but from the world itself, which held the institution; for this he could not leave, do what he would, and he loved it so well that he was well content to be contained in it. He had left the pulpit to edit and publish a magazine called *The Radical*. Under his care and inspiration, seconded by such minds as Wasson, Weiss, Emerson, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow and others, of whom the first four have passed on out of sight, *The Radical* maintained for eight years a rank second to nothing ever published in this country in its peculiar vein, not second even to the famous *Dial*; but, like very many high and refined things, its existence was a struggle, and continued at the expense of privation and hardship to its founder and inspirer. When at last it expired, Morse wrote a very brief farewell note to his readers,



which we have always thought a model of simple, dignified eloquence, in which he said, "If I should say I am not disappointed, it would be an affectation and not the truth. I am disappointed. But there are compensations. The past at least is secure." True words! *The Radical* always will remain a noble and instructive product of the simple, religious faith and moral fervor that inspired it.

Morse turned his attention, after *The Radical* ceased, to sculpture. It is of his plastic works, and especially of his last two remarkable productions, that we wish to speak. We remember well the first work of the kind that he made. We entered his room suddenly one day and found him at work upon a little medallion, very delicate, a fine drawing in clay. We have never forgotten the startling impression it made on us. Its expression was so brilliant that it seemed like a bit of chiseled light lying in his hands. "Thomas Hughes?" we exclaimed. "I am glad you recognize it," said Morse. "Recognize it?" we cried; "It will *speak*, if you will stop using the graver this instant, and give it a chance." The delicate and living likeness in the face, the visible soul in it (we speak advisedly and within limits) made that moment a perennial memory for us. This quality of visible, shining, outpouring soul is the priceless merit and the striking characteristic of all of Morse's plastic works. Soul, is the thought that leaps to our mind whenever we look upon a sculpture of his, and soul, soul, soul, we say as we turn away. Never have we seen anything from his hands without being possessed with this thought.

A great change has come over Morse's style since his first works eighteen years ago. Then he finished everything with the most minute and delicate care, even working over and stippling the surface of his faces with a soft hair brush. With all our admiration for the finished work, we used sometimes to like it better when he called it only a half or three-quarters done. His fine finishing seemed to sacrifice some strength. Indeed he said so himself. Now he has developed a very free and bold style, quite the opposite of that too nice attention to detail which first characterized him. It seems to us a very masterly style, full of the free, bold sweeps of a hand that can not err and fears not to strike at one thrust, as it were, to the depth of a face or a feature. His last admirable works, Carlyle and Emerson, which stand before us as we write—small plastic figures of expression, are conceived and executed in this bold and free style, the style of a master. The first thought as we look at them is our old one;—soul, and again soul, and after that, soul. Then we feel like crying, Light, light! How these beam! Then we notice the wonderful power of each face, and finally, the prodigious difference in the two, which makes them indeed a remarkable study as now we look on them side by side. There is Carlyle's rugged face and head, heavy beard and shock of hair. Morse has made it "a haunting face." It seizes and possesses you. You study it as under a spell. You are filled with wonder. Morse has made it a struggling, laboring, part sad, part hopeful and altogether determined and mighty face. The expression of the eyes is very remarkable. Morse was always very strong in delineating that important feature. The mouth likewise is full of significance, which the mustache in nowise conceals, the mouth being plainly visible. The whole face is somewhat gaunt, deeply cut, and in parts sunken with the writhings of the spirit; but not ghastly, living rather, and full of force. The face is remarkably symmetrical, there is small difference between the profiles. In this last respect it differs very remarkably from the face of Emerson. Morse has thrown a wonderful light into this portrait of the Concord sage. Compared to the Carlyle, and indeed absolutely, whether compared with any other or not, it is restful, serene, content. It fairly beams optimism. As in the Carlyle, the eyes are very striking, but wonderfully different from the great Scotchman's. The shape of the forehead, the height of the arch of the

head, the poise of it on the neck, the quietness and serenity of the more rounded cheek, and the very remarkable nose, all mark the difference from Carlyle. But the nose and the peculiar contours of the two sides of the face, corresponding to its shape, give a very marked character to Morse's face of Emerson. The nose is curved quite strongly, convex on the left side and concave on the right, and at the end of its long, partially aquiline projection it takes suddenly a sharper curve. The two profiles are correspondingly strikingly different. The left profile, opposite the convexity of the nose, is all raised toward the eye. The corner of the mouth is higher than on the other side; so is the cheek bone, and even the over-arching eye-brows run parallel with the line of the mouth, the left eye-brow being considerably elevated. The result of this convexity of the nose and the general upward drift of the face on the left side is to give to it a shrewd reflective, incisive expression, with a strong cast of that kind of humor which seizes foibles, and that kind of sense which turns them to good account without any bitterness, yet with some lack of sympathy, pity or warmth. This is perhaps the shrewd Yankee side of his face. The right profile, opposite the concavity of the nose, has a downward tendency as marked as the upward drift of the other side. From the slanting eye-brow, past the lowered point of the mouth, this side of the face slopes rapidly to the fine strong chin. The result is, to our mind, an almost entire loss of the keen shrewdness, and a great gain of sympathy. This is the urbane side of the face; and a remarkable urbanity it is; almost as simple and sweet and full of peaceful content with his fellow beings, and with the world with all its faults and wrongs as a child's face. The union of these two profiles in the full front face makes the wonderful and indescribable character and power, we had almost said witchery, of Emerson's face. Yet Morse has not made it tender; and therein we think he has kept the truth of fact. To our minds it is not so easily conceivable in a tender look as Carlyle's. Indeed, the artist has put a certain print of tenderness in Carlyle.

A long time we have wished an opportunity to express our sense of Morse's peculiar genius. The appearance, and our possession, of these two works have given it to us. We wish all readers of *UNITY* might have a like privilege of possession.

J. V. B.

#### UNITARIAN AND

Do words mean anything? Is there a tendency in ordinary religious usage to eliminate values from words, and degrade them? Once "church" meant an association gathered in the spirit and discipleship of Jesus. Not long since the term "Christian" was used as a descriptive exclusion-term among the churches. When it had to be admitted that the liberal churches are also Christian, then another term was added, and the emphasis was laid on "evangelical," and we have the "evangelical" "Christian" "church," and consequently by implication Christian churches that are not evangelical. And, singularly enough, those who claim they can rest their whole teaching on the evangels, without epistles or historical creeds, are the ones by implication unevangelical.

These meditations are specially prompted by the cumbersome name which unfortunate circumstances fixed on our denominational conferences, "of Unitarian and other Christian churches." A few days ago, a gentleman not in the swim—or more properly not in the drag—and not understanding the militant history in the name, on taking up a circular and reading, said: "Why, are there any 'churches' that are not Christian, *i. e.*, do any but Christians use the term 'church'?" It was an accidental confirmation of what some have long felt, that this piling up of epithets shows deterioration of meanings.

On the occasion of the late meeting in Atlanta of the "Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches," the morning paper reporting it dropped out the



"other," and made it the "Conference of Unitarian and Christian Churches." Some of us could but feel that the natural penalty had fallen on us. The very effort to rope ourselves in by terms had operated to exclude us; and the conference was represented as consisting of Unitarians and Christians.

We evidently must take on another term. Shall we now strike for "evangelical,"—the Unitarian Evangelical Christian church? And after that we can suffix "of Christ," and become "the Unitarian Evangelical Christian Church of the Lord Jesus Christ,"—unless, indeed, we conclude to lift up our terms and restore their just meanings, and simply be the "Unitarian Church,"—content so to imply that we are one of those organizations prompted by the spirit and impulse, the fellowship and purpose, that first gathered "churches." This word has a meaning, for those who can feel it.

B.

#### THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE CRUCIFIXION.

The Monday noon teachers' meeting was called to order by Mr. Utter, promptly as usual, but with rather more than the usual number of attendants, because of the announcement that Dr. Emil G. Hirsch would speak upon the causes that led to the crucifixion of Jesus. Doctor Hirsch began by saying that he would not discuss the question whether we have in the Gospels a biography of Christ. He would simply assume that such a man as Christ lived and was crucified. The Jews at that time were not an independent people politically; they were subjects of the Romans. Sixty years before the death of Jesus the administration of the laws was taken away from the Jewish people. They could not inflict punishment or exact penalty in any form, much less could they impose or execute the death penalty. If, then, Christ was condemned and crucified in Jerusalem, it must have been by the Romans, it could not have been by the Jews.

Speaking then at considerable length of the three parties, the Sadducees, Pharisees and the Essenes, he explained that the Pharisees were the zealous religious party who expected a Messiah, an anointed one who should by the sword free the Jews from Roman bondage. The new order thus to be ushered in by the Messiah was spoken of as "the world to come." This phrase did not refer to the immortal life, as we conceive it, but simply to a new social order. In this the Sadducees did not believe. They were the aristocratic, the government party, who concerned themselves little with speculative doctrines.

Christ taught nothing new, his ethics and his religious teachings were current among the Jews at that period. The Lord's prayer is a beautiful anthology, and all its sentences and petitions were probably in use in his time, and are in use even to-day in the Jewish liturgy.

Jesus, Doctor Hirsch held, must have been considered a dangerous person by both the Pharisees and the Romans. The Pharisees would hold him in derision and contempt, because of his association and popularity with the common people, whom they despised, but they would also watch him with suspicion, as one likely to embroil them with the Roman authorities. The Romans would view him with suspicion in so far as he was popular with the lower classes, and any word that might come to them in regard to his claims to Messiahship would be understood as evidence of treasonable intentions.

Doctor Hirsch admitted that the Pharisees may have stirred up and fostered these suspicions of treasonable intentions on the part of Jesus and his disciples, but urged that the trial, death sentence and execution must have been altogether an affair of the Romans.

The Doctor then criticised in detail the Gospel account of the trial of Jesus, showing that from beginning to end it was not in accordance with Jewish methods of procedure.

No trial could take place on a day preceding a Sabbath. No trial could be begun and ended on one day, as the judges must sleep on the matter before giving sentence, and must have the right to change their votes, toward mercy, the next day. The charge of blasphemy was altogether un-Jewish, as every Jew has always been free to declare himself a son of God. Speaking against the Temple, if Jesus did that, was a more serious matter, but was not worthy of death.

After the conclusion of Doctor Hirsch's admirable talk, which so thoroughly interested all present, there were many eager questioners; among others, Doctor Thomas asked what the Jews of the present day thought and said in regard to the work that Christianity has done in the world. In reply, Doctor Hirsch quoted Maimonides, to the effect that Christianity and Islam were divinely commissioned to carry the truths of Judaism to the non-Jews all over the world. "We (the Jews) see nothing miraculous in the rise and spread of Christianity. When we consider the natural causes,—the everywhere prevalent hunger for something new in religion and philosophy, which was so great that many even became Jews outright, submitting to the peculiar Jewish rites, it is not wonderful that the zealous Christian preachers, with so much of the truth and beauty of Jewish religion and ethics, should have succeeded." "No one," said Doctor Hirsch, "in this day certainly, can deny Christianity's great providential mission in the world. We, as Jews, have no reason to hate you, but you, the Christians in general, seem to have some reason to hate us. This prejudice against us seems unreasonable. The Christians say that Christ was God, and they say further that it was necessary that he should die on the cross to save the world, and yet they blame the Jews for his death, who, if they did kill him, only did what God made them do."

Another questioner asked concerning the present belief of the Jews in regard to immortality. Doctor Hirsch replied, "We have no dogmatic doctrine upon that subject, and we certainly have no hell. We believe in a life to come, and that the best preparation for it is simply the best life here."

#### BROWNING IN ST. LOUIS.

One of the Browning Clubs of this city offered a very pleasing entertainment to their friends on the 14th instant.

##### PART I.

1. Reading—"Abt Vogler." Miss Prince.
2. Songs—"James Lee's Wife." GREGORY.  
a. "The Man's View" (Soprano). Mrs. Hosmer.  
b. "The Women's View (Mezzo Soprano). Miss Bruère.
3. Trio—"Pippa Passes." GEO. W. TAUSSIG.  
Mrs. Hosmer, Mrs. Eayrs, Miss Bruère.
4. Song—"A Lover's Quarrel." GREGORY.  
Mrs. J. K. Hosmer.

##### PART II.

5. Reading—"Master Hughes of Saxe Gotha." Miss Prince.
6. Fugue from Bach (Piano.) Professor Robyn.
7. Sketch of "Paracelsus." Miss Wall.
8. Song—"I go to Prove my Soul." E. HARRADEN.  
Miss Bruère.
9. Song—"Good to Forgive." ROBYN.  
Miss Bruère.
10. "Cavalier Tunes." C. VILLIERS STANFORD.  
a. "Marching Along."  
b. "King Charles."  
c. "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away."  
All sung by Mr. John Fiske.



## UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

## A STATEMENT IN REGARD TO THE FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF DAVENPORT.

The *laity* of the church is strictly congregational. The laity acting in annual and called meetings, or through their board of trustees, have supreme and sole authority in all matters of government, unrestricted by bishop, presbytery or ecclesiastic superiors of any sort. The minister possesses no authority save such as belongs to him as one of the congregation, or such as is conceded to him in deference to his training and experience. But while he possesses no special authority in the government of the church, the minister enjoys great freedom in the pulpit. In a large and general way he must be in accord with the views of his people, and when such accord fails, his connection with the church should be severed. But as he is expected to be a teacher and a leader, it necessarily follows that he is permitted to declare freely his latest and best thought. Such permission is the more readily granted in this society because it fully accepts the view that it is the duty of the ministry to teach and not to dictate. The constitution declares that "This church shall never adopt any articles of faith or a creed as a test of fellowship, nor require its members to acknowledge any authority in matters of doctrine or faith subversive of the sacredness of personal conviction and the light of conscience." As a matter of fact, any one who is in sufficient agreement with the general spirit and teaching of the society to be helped by its ministrations, although he may often have occasion to dissent from the views of the pastor or the forms of the service, is welcomed as a member. The only practical limitation upon such membership is that this society shall take no action which will place it out of harmony with the general spirit and purpose of the denomination whose name it bears. While no individual or convention has the right to set forth an authoritative statement of the doctrines held by the denomination, it is yet believed that they are fairly presented in the following invitation:

First. To those who believe that religion is a subject deserving the most careful thought, and who desire to encourage a free and fair study thereof, we offer a hearty welcome.

Second. To those who believe that "whatever is doubtful, this at least is certain—it is better to be generous than selfish; better to be chaste than licentious; better to be true than false; better to be brave than cowardly;" and to those who desire to be a real power in helping on this generosity and chastity and truthfulness and bravery, we offer a hearty welcome.

Third. To those who believe that the teachings of all great and good men, the history of all nations, and the finest results of art, science and literature should be set forth for the upbuilding of our character and the guiding of our reason, we offer a hearty welcome.

Fourth. To those who find help in prayer as an act of aspiration and *praise*, who recognize that the prospect of immortality lends dignity and inspiration to life, and who realize that strength comes of endeavoring to follow a pure and noble example such as Christ's, we offer a hearty welcome.

Fifth. To those who believe that the reward of right-doing, and the punishment of wrong-doing are inevitable—being involved in our acts not contingent upon our professions that heaven and hell are *states* of character not *places* of abode; that whoso lives the best life on earth will be prepared for the highest joys hereafter; that Christ and other leaders bring salvation by helping men to "do justly, and love mercy and walk humbly with their God;" to all those, in brief, who believe that there is a ceaseless evolution of the higher from the lower, an unending growth in the good, the beautiful, and the true, and that the highest duty and joy of life is to keep on that growth in ourselves

and others, and so become co-workers with God in the elevation of the race—to all such, we offer a hearty welcome.

In keeping with the purport of this invitation the society gives its ready support to all forms of charity which aim "to help the poor to help themselves," and which are freed from proselyting motives.

It fosters clubs for the study of literature, believing that all great and true books are part of the world-bible, and to these clubs welcomes all persons whether members of the society or not.

It takes under its guidance the legitimate social amusements in accordance with the conviction that whatever is wholesome and joyous deserves to be cultivated under wise and pure influences. It takes especial care to build up a Sunday-school where the emphasis is thrown on the right life, and the faiths to which the right life leads. Believing that children should not be asked to subscribe to doctrines which are beyond their comprehension, the chief purposes of the teaching is to develop the moral sense of the children, to awaken their sentiment of reverence, and to encourage them to think carefully upon religious subjects.

## "I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN."

A SERMON DELIVERED AT DAVENPORT, IOWA,

BY REV. ARTHUR M. JUDY.

(Published by a Member of the Congregation.)

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Opportunity comes but once. There are approximate not exact recurrences in nature and man. The June days that visited this planet in the remote Silurian age were not just like the June days that visit this age of man and mammals. The configuration of the land, the tilt of the earth's axis, the state of the atmosphere, have all been materially changed—so materially that life as it exists to-day could scarcely have existed then. Whoever, therefore, weeps the decline of a perfect day in June, weeps its eternal decline. Other June days there will be, but never that or its exact counterpart; it has flown and forever; and with it have flown the opportunities it brought. The friend whose face you looked upon that day will never be exactly the same friend. Some slight change in his needs, his hopes, his love there will be before the roses bloom again. What you might have done for him and have left undone, must forever remain undone; something like it you may of course do but not *that*. *That*, with its somewhat special, rare, irrevocable, is gone.

This truth we clearly enough recognize at times. There can be but one college graduation, but one "coming-out" party, but one first born. Whatever of joy, or sanctity, or hope attaches to these moments, is we know, once and for all. Many persons must have the same consciousness as they thread the galleries of Europe, or take their way by mountain and castle. With insistent urgency, there must come the thought, now or never! Now or never! gather some inspiration from that glorious picture; now or never! fix in memory an image of that torrent plunging sublimely down the mountain side; now or never! catch the glamour of old romance loitering around these quaint old towns. As the traveler stands upon the deck of a homeward-bound ship, he may well grow serious. In all probability he may feel that the receding shores are receding forever. The opportunities they brought were great. Each foot of their soil was rich in monuments of human life. Turn where he would some lesson was to be read. *Had he read the lesson?* If not, why not? What frivolous passion had interfered, what wicked dissipation, what indolence—nay, what misspent days of youth had left him unequipped for the great occasion. And *we*, as we stand upon the ship of time and watch the



shores of the past forever recede, what thoughts have *we*? Upon those shores no ship will ever touch again; upon their palaces and peoples, their mornings, noons and evenings, no eye will ever again look; there they lie irrevocable, inimitable—past.

“Out of eternity this new day is born;  
Into eternity this night ’twill return.  
See it aforesaid no eye ever did;  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.”

“I shall not pass this way again.” Yes. But first let us say, “*They* will not pass this way again.” The babe—how quickly it ceases to be a babe. Each morning its sensitive soul is prepared anew to receive the pictures of the day. At three it is not sensitive to the same impressions that it was at one; at five it can not receive what it could at three. Here is a thought for you, mothers and fathers. At each period of its rapidly developing life the child needs a certain kind of care: that care must be rendered *when* needed, or never. If your child asks for a romping play, then romping play let it be. To have running through the meshes of memory a golden thread woven of an evening’s romping with the father, is a precious heritage. But, mark you, the loom of the memory pauses not in its weaving. If you intend, if you desire to brighten the woof of your child’s memory with that golden thread, then watch the loom, and when the child craves the play, grant it. “Find out men’s wants and wills, and meet them *there*.” Truly, but more anxiously, find out your children’s wants and wills, and meet *them there*—for *there* they must be met, or nowhere. It is well that you should sometimes think of children as travelers, and yourselves as inn-keepers. If not each morning, then surely each year, in the person of your child, a new guest arrives. He will not pass your way again. Would you, that he should be hospitably received and boyntifully served? Would you that he should carry with him a lasting impression of the goodness of your heart, and the brightness of your intellect? Then see you not, it is now or never? You would not be remembered as slovenly, then be tidy now; nor as morose, then put on cheerfulness now; nor as exacting and tyrannical, then strive for fairness and generosity now. And, I say, these things can not be postponed. You will live in the memory of your child in consequence of the sum total of your deeds. Each day you have an opportunity to make an entry upon the bright, the noble page. The opportunity neglected, the entry goes upon the dark, the ignoble page. The entry made; it is made forever. On the writing desk of the Recording-Angel there is no eraser, and in his ledger no line is ever drawn across an entry.

But not only will the children not pass this way again, neither will the aged. Just think, when the crest of the hill of life is passed, the soul’s power to enjoy begins to disappear. Here is a fact to give us pause. To-day our aging parents can be made happy by that which it is in our power to give; to-morrow they can not. To-day they can walk with us to the neighboring wood, and tell with keen delight the story of their boyish adventures. To-morrow their flagging strength will hold them fast bound beside the chimney’s warmest nook, and the green wood shall have no power to revive their failing memory. If you would be a noble son, a loving daughter, you must be it “as the swift seasons roll.” God in his benign providence has made an opportunity for you to return with interest the care and love which were showered upon in your childhood. But, alas! or should we say happily, he presents the opportunity but for a moment. This year your parents will expect you to win honors at school. In a few more years they will depend on your fresher life for continued success in business. In yet a few more they will await your loving tendance, “or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken.” Fail not, O! children, now, to meet their expectations. Remember they will not pass your way again.

But is it only childhood and age that thus pass us once, and pass not again? Verily no. Said Goethe: “I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—joy in illusion, ardent thirst for truth.” I would that we might learn to respect the youth’s period of ardent search for truth—a period that *passes* and *passes* too quickly. Buoyantly, hopefully, the youth starts on his holy quest; he passes the wood, the hill, the sea. Presently he will return. The wood, the hill, the sea will be as of old, but he will be changed. The eager open-mindedness will have given place to fixed and passionless opinions. Our opportunity to administer to that thirst for truth will have greatly lessened. The word, which, spoken then would have sunk deep, will now fall on stony places. Our aid which given then would have borne much fruit, will now be a barren tree.

Again, friendship’s hour passes. The Indian legend runs, “Let not the grass grow in the path that leads to the house of a friend.” If the grass does grow we shall miss some scene in the drama of our friend’s life. We say, “to-morrow I will do the kindness, to-morrow speak the tender word.” But why to-morrow? Who knows but that on the morrow thy friend will not need whatever of hope and strength thy friendship can give to-day. We are all possessed with the vague idea that if anything tragic is to happen to our friends it will happen a long time hence—at present we can rest at ease. But it is a foolish idea. Temptations come as thieves in the night, and always before they are expected. For every day has its temptations, and every day needs our saving influence, if it be possible for us to exert any. Again, you have all experienced the growing apart of friends. You have known what it is to meet acquaintances after a few years’ separation, and find them more difficult to approach than strangers. You recall the poem of Jean Ingelow describing the lad and lass who stretch hands over a tiny brook and begin to walk with the current, and walk until the brook, widening into a river, and the river into a gulf, separates them beyond sight and hearing. So we all pass. To-day we stand side by side; to-morrow our fingertips just touch across the broadening stream of life; and the morrow after to-morrow our voices faintly reach each other across the roaring flood of time. To-day and not to-morrow, then, let thy soul go out to thy friend. While yet his hand is laid in thine, clasp it heartily. Whatever of courage and tenderness thy grasp can convey, let it be conveyed quickly. The journey of life stays not, and the severing river broadens steadily. And does not this thought apply to her whom thou callest wife; him whom thou callest husband? Emerson in his essay on “Love,” teaches that love has its periods. The lover that greets the tenth or the twentieth anniversary of the wedding day must needs be quite other than that which bent beneath the bridal wreath. There is a story of a young American, who plighted his troth to a German girl while studying abroad, but in the gay whirl of New York society, to which he returned, forgot his love. Coming to himself after a few years, he went again to Germany to search for the girl and make amends. He found her—no, not her, for she whom he had wronged had had her years of suffering, borne them as best she could, and grown into a life in which he could be nothing to her, she nothing to him. The wrong was irreparable, for the hour when she could have loved him—when she waited his love—had passed, and he came not. Are any hours passing which you ought to have filled with love for your mate, and have not, my hearers? Think not, if so, that at a later hour you can amend the neglect. Is not the love a mother needs, as she mourns over her first great sorrow, something unlike what she will need at any other hour of her life. Meet that need, then, or you do an irreparable wrong. So meet every hour’s need. Know that the soul which looks each morning into your eyes, hungering and thirsting for love, will be a new soul. It will not pass your way again.

There are other than human lives which pass us once



and pass not again. Flowers there must needs be which waste their sweetness on the desert air, but it is sad to think of the flower—some exquisite rose, perhaps,—which blooms within our very sight and yet awakes within us no thrill of delight. That rose, surpassing in beauty the art of man, must be enjoyed in its own time, not in ours. Its imperial beauty will not condescend to our petty humors, nor stay their passing. God as he unfolds himself in the splendor of the blossoming rose, or in the glory of the breaking day, does not time his revelations by the caprices of our moods. Sings Alice Cary:

"To hear the lark's song, we must be  
At heaven's gate with the lark."

The lark can not refrain the joy of his song because of the moroseness of our disposition. To make ready for the reception of that song we must learn the art of conquering self, the art of silencing the babble of evil voices and evil whisperings in our conscience. I can not look upon the resplendent freshness of a spring morning, nor feel the solemn hush of splendor which sometimes succeeds the snowfall, without reproaching myself for allowing the glory of God to come so near and be so often unheeded by me.

"We need but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here."

But now let us approach our theme from the other side. I shall not pass this way again. Have you, young friends, you who are still in the dew and freshness of the morning of life, have you ever thought that by no possible chance can you ever recall a single moment of these happily passing years. The passing years brought you many blessed opportunities. It was in your power to fill your home with the sunshine of hope; in your power to give father and mother something to live for that lent new strength and beauty to their lives; in your power to brighten our streets with your happy looks; in your power to receive from a hundred hands the lessons of knowledge and right which were eagerly laid at your service. Much, very much yet remains to you, but we see with a tinge of sadness, that there is something which remains not; six years of opportunity are fast sealed in the Book of Life. I have a thought for you from Goethe. He says: "Hold fast by the present! Every situation, nay every moment, is of infinite value." You, as youths, will hardly realize the truth of these words. Being youths you will be prodigal of time. Says the youth: "Have I been remiss in my work to-day? O! well, there are plenty of to-morrows; have I gone wrong this year? O! well, I shall go right next year." I wish not to rob you of this happy indifference. The time will too quickly come when you will begrudge every passing moment. And yet I could not be your friend, did I not warn you that you will yet realize that you can not do to-morrow what you neglect to-day. That to-morrow will have its own tasks and they will be greater than you can fulfill without adding yesterday's burden to them. There is one thing I would especially urge upon your attention. Each year it is in your power to delight your parents in a new way. They are ever on the alert to watch your growing character. How will you appear when you first go to parties; how will you bear yourself on graduation day; how will you receive the temptations which come to meet your expanding powers? Now, do you not see that these new experiences come to you but once, and that if you do not bear yourself nobly as each one comes, you forever lose an opportunity for delighting your parents? Verily, verily, you will not pass that way again. Once more: As you begin to take hold of your life work, let your thought be, I shall not pass this way again. Suppose you are a clerk—a ticket agent, perhaps. A man has dealings with you whom you will never see again. It is in your power to leave a bright spot in that man's memory or a dark one. Choose you which, for one it must be, and never more than one.

Suppose again you are to be a lawyer. You will have a first case. How would you desire to handle that case? Well, of course. But why? For the sake of securing a paying practice? For no higher motive! Surely, yes, for the sake of doing good work for good work's sake. But in this your first case you will have one chance and one only to do that work well. It will not pass your way again. So in a measure will it be with all your cases. In each there will be something peculiar. Each, therefore, you must strive to do in the spirit of now or never. If that be not the spirit in which you work, then you will leave behind you one of the most hateful things in life—a trail of slovenly work, of dishonest work, for all careless work is dishonest.

But let us be more specific. Suppose you stand just within the portals of manhood, or upon its threshold. Here comes a temptation—one of those strong temptations which assails like a whirlwind while yet the boisterousness of spring is in the blood. It is a moment which must be your Austerlitz or your Waterloo. Happy for you, if at that moment there shall come the thought, "I shall not pass this way again." As are my acts, so shall this moment be forever glorious or forever contemptible. But think deeper. Consider those men whose lives have been lives of sin. The ruin and the wrong they have wrought—can any power on earth ever blot it out? The fair life which they blasted; the wild passions which their gaming fostered; the drunkards' homes which were part effects of their carousing—can those things ever be made whole again? Can the abused wife live over ten years of her life; the young man recover his wasted nights; the young woman her lost innocence? Nay, nay, my young friend, in the journey of life no road can be retraveled. Future roads may be better traveled, but passed roads shall not be passed again. But still deeper goes the thought; as you pass this way so must you pass all the ways to come. See: A young man spends four years at college. Must not the effects of those college days, influence all his future days? Blessed beyond measure are rightly used college days. Oh! halls of my Alma Mater, sacred art thou to me. Thou didst fit me for the high hours I have passed with the great authors; thou didst inspire my love of nature; thou introduced me into the ways of thoughtful people.

"Whatever ways my days decline  
I felt and feel, though left alone,  
Thy being waking in mine own,  
The footsteps of thy life in mine."

But, if the influence of those who founded and conducted colleges can have so great an influence in determining the manner in which we pass all our future ways, what shall we say of that institution whose founder's name is revered in all Christendom? It is easy to ascribe more to the influence of Jesus than is justifiable. But it is easy, on the other hand, to underrate the influence of that sublime life. It is scant justice to say that his being is working in our own more strongly than the being of any man who ever lived. And yet, think! As far as history can show, that mighty influence was wrought within less than three years' time. If any fact can lend solemnity to the thought that we pass our way but once, it is the fact that so vast an influence was exerted in so short a while. It was incumbent upon Jesus to say, as upon all of us, "I shall not pass this way again." What now if he had passed his way other than he did? The suggestion seems improbable, perhaps. But does it seem improbable that he might have flinched before the storm of hatred which he saw rising? If he was human, it is not improbable. Of him as of every human being it can be said:

"Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide  
In the strife 'twixt truth and falsehood  
For the good or evil side."



What if at that sublime moment when he faced the Pharisees in their self-righteous pride, and hurled against that pride the imperishable parable of the Good Samaritan, he had flinched, fawned? See you not that he might have saved his life, but would certainly have lost his supreme place as a leader of men? The moment came which he must pass like a hero or like a slave—that moment he would never pass again.

Gibbon, in one of his most dramatic passages, points out that at the moment when Mohammed fled from Mecca, the spear of an Arab might have changed the destinies of the world. More impressive, more awful than that possibility is the thought that at the moment when Christ saw clearly and certainly that he must either recede from his ministry or suffer death, he might have cowered. Never until we realize that this alternative was possible, can we give Christ the honor due his name, or gather from his example its highest lesson. Daily our courage is tried, daily comes to us the moment to decide for truth or against it. Yes, daily, hourly, for every deed must be truly or falsely done. Shall we be Christian in those moments or not? *Be Christian.* O God! our Father, what greatness it requires to be Christian. Whichever way we pass, to pass that way in unwavering truthfulness, hopefulness, purity—do we, can we so pass the ways of our life?

"If you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And counting, find  
One self-denying deed, one word  
That eased the heart of him that heard,  
One glance most kind  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then you may count the day well spent."

## THE HOME.

### INVENTION IN LOVE.

If Browning may write a poem, "Any Wife to Any Husband," will it be amiss to write a letter in prose, Any Husband to any Wife? Often I have thought of the many daily chances which, by a little invention, forecasting and planning, may be wrought into lovely surprises and charming delights by lovers of every kind and degree. Yet for lack of thought, if even it be not more sadly for lack of the heart-heat that drives thought, these opportunities are unused, and come to nothing. I will set forth what I mean, and what I must think it were well if often done, in a letter from any husband to any wife. He has come down early in the morning for some work left over night. He knows that she has planned to be away from home that day, but to return before he will at evening. This stirs invention in him, and before falling to work he writes her a letter which he posts on his way to business, knowing it will be delivered at his house during the day. Here is the letter:

APRIL 13, 1888, 6 o'clock A. M.

MY DEAR:—I am down early this morning for the work which you know I left unfinished last night. But first I write you this little letter. For I have bethought me that thus I may give my true, good wife a little unexpected pleasure on her return to our home this evening. And it is delightful to me, as you do greet me so tenderly every morning, and I am sure that this morning you will, for so your dear wont is, that thus I may greet you at evening by this letter and be at our home waiting for you in my written words. It is the short and often-repeated, often-trodden paths in which surprises are possible. For if one go a long path going on all the time, not turning back or going over any part again, but always onward, how can there be room for any surprises? How can anything seem unusual when all is new? How can aught be unexpected or con-

trary to usual custom where nothing is looked for, and there is no custom because everything is new at every stage or step? Thus, though there may be astonishing and wonder-striking things all along a new and untried path, yet we can not call them surprising, because, the path being new and strange, we expect new and curious and wondrous things and look to be astonished. But, contrariwise, if we go over a path constantly, back and forth every day, then we may have surprises; because by much observation of the same path day after day we learn what it contains and we expect to see only what we have seen. If we turn a corner where a hundred times we have seen only blank ground, and so this morning it was, but now this evening suddenly we come on a fine statue there, radiant and finished on its pedestal, we are surprised. To our astonishment at the beauty of the art-work is added our surprise that it is there where it was not before while we passed and repassed a hundred or a thousand times. Thus, it is the short and constantly repeated paths that make surprises possible. Now, every one's life is made of such paths. We walk round in a little space every day. We must go to the same places, see the same persons, return again to the same abodes, do the same tasks, take up the same cares, over and over every week, every day. Here, then, is great room for surprises. If any one of these common and repeated experiences vary a little, we receive a surprise. What a field and scope here is for love! If love be a little brooding and inventive, and be not thinking only how sweet to be loved but how blissful to love, and not only that it is joyful to love but how to make that love joyful to one's beloved, how to do cheering and helping and blessing things (which need not be great things), then countless opportunities are given and are at hand constantly by reason of the constant repetitions of our daily lives. Let one drop a flower for the other at a corner turned every morning. At the door to which the other returns every night, let one set up a statue, I mean some little welcome or help for the other, which was not there in the morning. At bed-time, let some little pleasure be found on the pillow, like a benefit angel-shed in advance or dream-dropt to woo sleep as well as sweeten it afterward. At morning let some unexpected beam of loving care or prepared charm mingle with the expected light. These will be surprises of a very joyful sort, giving much health and quick pulses of strength.

These are my thoughts, my dear wife; bethinking me also how dearly you deserve of me every loving and helpful act I can conceive or do for you; and to these my love leads, me, too, to do all I can for joy to you, because I love you, dear.

So now I write this and send it to our home that I may have it there for you on your return this evening; and if it have beauty for you a little, because it comes of my love, so that it is a bit like a picture or statue to greet you which was not there this morning, then my heart will be glad.

Peace be with you this day,

B.

THE child-idea of changing gods with every change of place is not infrequent in the older religions, and is not wholly outgrown yet. A bright little lad of eight, whose family were removing to another dwelling, the first change of home in the child's experience, was much troubled and distressed at the breaking up of the household. The first night in the new house was very strange to him, with the familiar furniture scattered in disorder around his bed. Kneeling down for his usual prayer, he had not yet begun when a look of anxiety came over his face, and in much perplexity he asked, "Mamma, is it the same God in this house as in the old one?"



## UNITY.

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175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Unity Publishing Committee: Messrs. JONES, BLAKE, GANNETT, HOSMER, LEARNED, SIMMONS and UTTER.

Weekly: \$1.50 per annum.

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## NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

**Boston, Mass.**—Rev. James F. Clarke is resting from all ministerial duties for a few weeks. Rev. Brooke Herford is unwell, but by special will-power appears every Sunday in his pulpit. Rev. Wm. G. Babcock, the devoted minister to the South End children, is quite unwell, unable at present to attend to week-day duties. It is hoped that all may gather strength with opening spring.

—The returning delegates from the Washington Women's Convention seem satisfied that good results will repay their late efforts to capture the favorable opinions of congressmen.

—The seventh meeting of the Sunday-school Union met last Monday evening. After a social hour and a collation, the essay and conversation turned on "The Social Life of the Sunday-school, its Importance and How to Promote it." The speakers advocated the new order of Sunday-school fellowship, so different from the customs of our teachers forty years ago. Christmas and Easter celebrations with pleasant gifts of book or toy or hot-house plant were not once in vogue. In all denominations a hearty greeting between teachers and pupils is now the rule when meeting on Sunday or week-day. Once children stood in awe of their Sunday-school teachers, as their parents felt constraint in presence of their minister. The habit of teacher and pupil visiting each other's homes tends to add influence to the Sunday lesson. A superintendent here talks of a visit to Rev. J. L. Jones' model church in Chicago with its serious hearty services and sermons, its band of earnest teachers and useful Sunday-school, its confirmation class of growing church members, its study classes, its Unity Club in sections, meeting on different week-day evenings, its social life among church members and Sunday scholars, the regular provision made for picnic, and sleigh ride and parlor festival. The wants of old and young are met spiritually, mentally, socially. But what a work for a minister to inspire and carry on!

—Last, not least, among the contributions of portraits to the A. U. A. building is the cheery face of Dr. E. E. Hale.

—It is planned to have a union meeting of Sunday-school scholars of Unitarian schools of Boston and vicinity on Decoration Day in Arlington street church, with music, addresses and cheerful greetings.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian Churches met in Atlanta, Ga., on April 11 and 12. Mr. Shippen, of Washington, preached on the first night a lively sermon on the Gospel of Service. On Thursday night Dr. Hale opened and illustrated the rational Unitarian doctrine of salvation, and in a most vigorous way lashed out of the temple the old middle-age teachings that have so distorted this truth, and unhappily fixed themselves in the minds of many. The spirit of the whole conference was cheery and hopeful. Mr. Allen, after reporting his own varied activities in New Orleans, told about the peculiar and patient work of young Mr. Schultz, who has the whole of Texas for his field. Mr. Chaney, whose work in Atlanta spoke for itself, reported the hopeful beginnings up in Ashville and Highlands, N. C., "an handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains, the fruit whereof shall shake like Lebanon." And Mr. Browne told how happily the Unitarian family were abiding in Charleston in their restored religious home. One of the most impressive "reports" was in the form of a little map dotted all over with the red marks that tell where the winged seeds of the P. O. Mission have lighted. From Canada in the northeast down to Texas, and up again to Oregon in the northwest, some in groups, like flocks of birds, and some scattered, like solitary ones—

"Lone wandering, but not lost."

Several Chicagoladies, wintering in Marietta, were present to spy and speed our work.—B.

**Chicago.**—Owing to the unusual interest attaching to the topic under consideration at the last Union Teachers' meeting, its able treatment by Dr. Hirsch from the Jewish standpoint, and the spirited discussion following, the subject being treated at greater length than usual has necessitated the removal of the report from its usual place to the contributed department of UNITY.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, April 29, services at 11 A. M.; 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, April 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, April 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, April 29, services at 11 A. M.; subject, Matthew Arnold. Monday evening, Emerson section of Unity Club; Tuesday evening, Philosophy Section; Browning section, Friday, 4 P. M.; Bible Class, 7:30 Friday evening.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, April 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, April 30, at noon. Rev. Mr. Blake will lead.

MR. MEAD'S LECTURE.—Edwin D. Mead on Sunday morning next will deliver, at the Grand Opera House, a lecture before the Society for Ethical Culture, on "Emerson and Theodore Parker."

## PROGRAMME OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

## Thirty-fourth Annual Session.

## Tuesday, May 15.

10 A. M. Meeting of Directors of the Conference at Headquarters.

[The Ministers' Alliance.—This organization will lunch at the Tremont House at 1 P. M., May 15. All ministers in attendance upon the Conference are invited to join.]

8 P. M. Sermon. Milton J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.

## Wednesday, May 16.

9 A. M. Devotional Meeting led by S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

10 A. M. Business Session of the Conference.

President's Opening Address. Reports of Secretary and Treasurer. General Business.

11:30 A. M. Paper: How shall we man our Missionary Posts? Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, Dak.

12:30 Intermission.

2 to 3:30 P. M. Western Sunday School Society. In charge of J. V. Blake, President.

1. Reports of Officers.

2. Discussion.—A Normal School in Morals and Religion. Introduced by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

3. Election of Officers.

3:30 P. M. The Claim upon us of the Mission Fields.

In India—The Pundita Ramabai Mission in behalf of Woman's Education, by Emma Endicott Marean, Chicago.

In Japan—The Mission of Inquiry in charge of A. M. Kapp, by Mr. K. Sugimoto, Japanese Student at Ann Arbor, Mich.

In Montana—The Mission of Civilization (The Crow Indian School) by Kate Gannett Wells.

At Home—The Post Office Mission and the Sunday Circle, by Arthur M. Judy. Discussion.



- 5 P. M. Intermission.  
 8 P. M. Fifty years of Emerson, 1838-1888. A commemoration by the Western Unitarian Conference. In the First M. E. church, corner Clark and Washington streets.  
 I. Organ Voluntary.  
 II. Hymn. "In Lonely Vigil." Frederick L. Hosmer.  
 III. Prayer, J. Coleman Adams.  
 IV. Responsive Readings from Emerson, selected by John R. Effinger.  
 V. Emerson the Man, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.  
 VI. Great Sentences from Emerson. The Audience.  
 VII. Emerson the Worshiper. Frank W. Gunsaulus.  
 VIII. Hymn: Victory, adapted from Emerson's "Voluntaries."  
 IX. Emerson the Prophet. Fifty years of Influence. William C. Gaunett.  
 X. Song. "The Crowning Day is Coming."  
 XI. Poem: "Cambridge, July 15, 1838." John W. Chadwick.  
 XII. Hymn: "The Soul's Prophecy."  
 XIII. Benediction.

[A special programme of the evening will be printed.]

Thursday, 17.

- 9 A. M. Devotional meeting led by Chester Covell.  
 10 A. M. Paper. Moral Education in the Public Schools. George P. Brown. Discussion.  
 11:15 A. M. Paper. The Relation of Literature to a Child's Education. Mary E. Burt. Discussion led by L. W. Learned.  
 12:30 Intermission.  
 2 P. M. Paper. The Actual Roots of Religion in Human Nature.—Does Religion mean more or less as Modern Thought discards the Creeds? Henry Doty Maxson. Discussion led by Rabbi Hirsch.  
 3:30 P. M. Business Session.  
 5 P. M. Intermission.  
 8 P. M. Platform meeting in the First M. E. Church, corner Clark and Washington streets. Subject for discussion, THE POSSIBLE AMERICAN CHURCH. D. L. Shorey, President of the Conference, will make the opening remarks, after which David Swing will take the chair. Addresses will be made by the chairman, Samuel G. Smith, M. D. Shutter, J. C. F. Grumbine and Henry W. Thomas.

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.  
 Seventh annual session.

Tuesday, May 15.

- 2 P. M. Devotional meeting led by Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, Dak. President's Address. Reports of Secretary and Treasurer. Religious Study Classes, by Mrs. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.  
 3 P. M. Address by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston, upon "Need of Religion rather than of Special Legislation." Report of Unitarian Women's Work on the Pacific Coast. Address by the delegate of the Women's Auxiliary Conference.  
 4 P. M. Post Office Mission Talk, led by Miss F. Le Baron, Elgin, Ill. Co-operation, Organization, Advertising, Reporting, Post Office Mission Fund, how raised and expended. The Lesson of the International Council of Women at Washington, by Mrs. J. R. Effinger, Chicago. Election of Officers.

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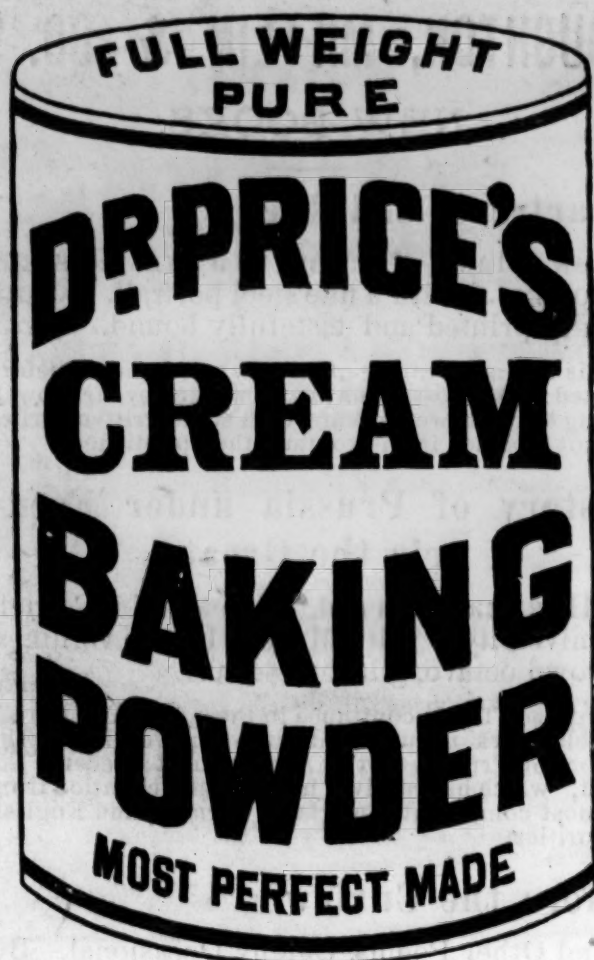
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